

All the Funny Folks





All the Funny Folks



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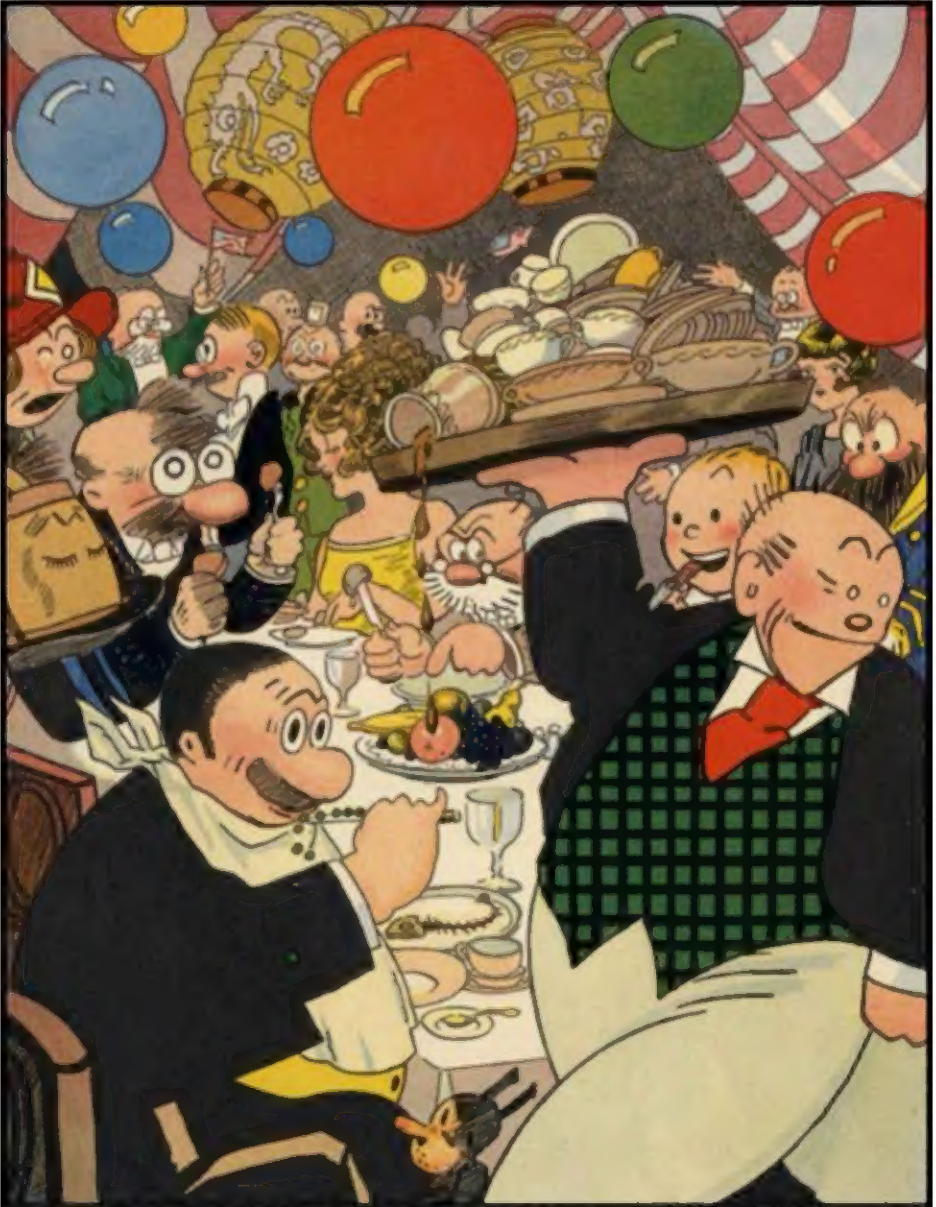


TO YOU

—the kids of any ages
Who read and love the funny pages,
To you, in every happy home,
We dedicate this playful tome,
And hope if you are ever blue
'Twill bring a ray of cheer

TO YOU

All the Funny Folks



"I never saw them caper as they did in the
Sunday paper"

All the Funny Folks



A cartoon illustration of a large comic book titled "THE COMICS" with a grid of panels. Numerous people are running and jumping on the pages, which are set against a yellow circular background.

All the Funny Folks



Jiggs



*Barney
Google*



Der Captain



Maggie



Spark Plug



*Ma
Katzenjammer*



*Jiggs'
Daughter*



Sunshine



Hans



*Dinty
Moore*



Rudy



Fritz



*Tillie the
Toiler*



Pa Perkins



Abe Kabibble



Mac



Ashur



*Rheba
Mine Gola*



Krazy Kat



Ignatz



Minsk



*Offissa
Pupp*



*Happy
Hooligan*



Suzanne

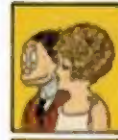
All the Funny Folks



Maud



Violet



*The
Newlyweds*



Si Perkins



*Freddie
the Sheik*



Ham Gravy



Gloomy Gus



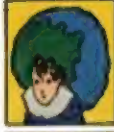
*Mr.
Applesauce*



Olive Oyl



Dumb Dora



Nemo



*Horace
W'affle*



*Boob
McNutt*



Toots



*Kitty
W'affle*



Shrimp Flynn



Casper



*Elmer
Tuggle*



*Skinny
Shaner*



*Detective
Owl Eye*



Jerry



Little Jimmy



Gussie



*Helpful
Henry*



Beans



Gus



Slim Pickens

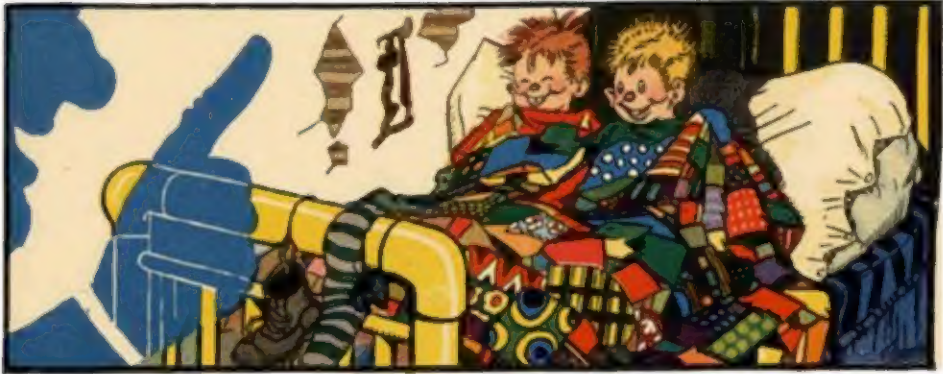
and others

All the Funny Folks



CHAPTER ONE

All the Funny Folks



"List to this tale of the Funny Folks"

CHAPTER ONE

The Great Feint

List to this tale of the funny folks,
Heroes of all our funny jokes,
Famous because of the merry quips,
In those perfectly killing comic
strips.

Some are human and some are
weird,

But this I swear by Der Captain's
beard:

I saw them all in one wild dream
('Cause I drank my coffee without
the cream.)

And I saw them cut up and saw
them caper

As they never did in the Sunday
paper.

For you know, these folks, when
their work is done

Must have their nights of fights
and fun.

And sometimes 'tis with aching
hearts

They play, their ink-on-paper parts,
So listen well while I unfold

The strangest story ever told;

Of how a race was engineered,
Greater than any Paul Revered
Since Ben Hur's chariot rumbled in
Amidst the Roman roar and din.

A race twist Si's old pesky mule,
Our hee-haw Mend, that kicking
fool,

And Barney Google's brown-eyed
streak,

That blanketed blankety-blank-
blank freak,

All the Funny Folks



Old Spark Plug. And the precious
prize
Was more than gold in Happy's
eyes
For if Maud lost, the fair Suzanne
Was won as Mrs. Hooligan.

. . .

In the Land of Fun 'twas a night of
feast!
Man, woman, child, bird, mouse
and beast
Were gathered 'round the groan-
ing board,

A hungry, sundry, friendly horde.

Paw Perkins, Nestor of the group,
Arose between the fish and soup,
And said, "I rise and point with
pride

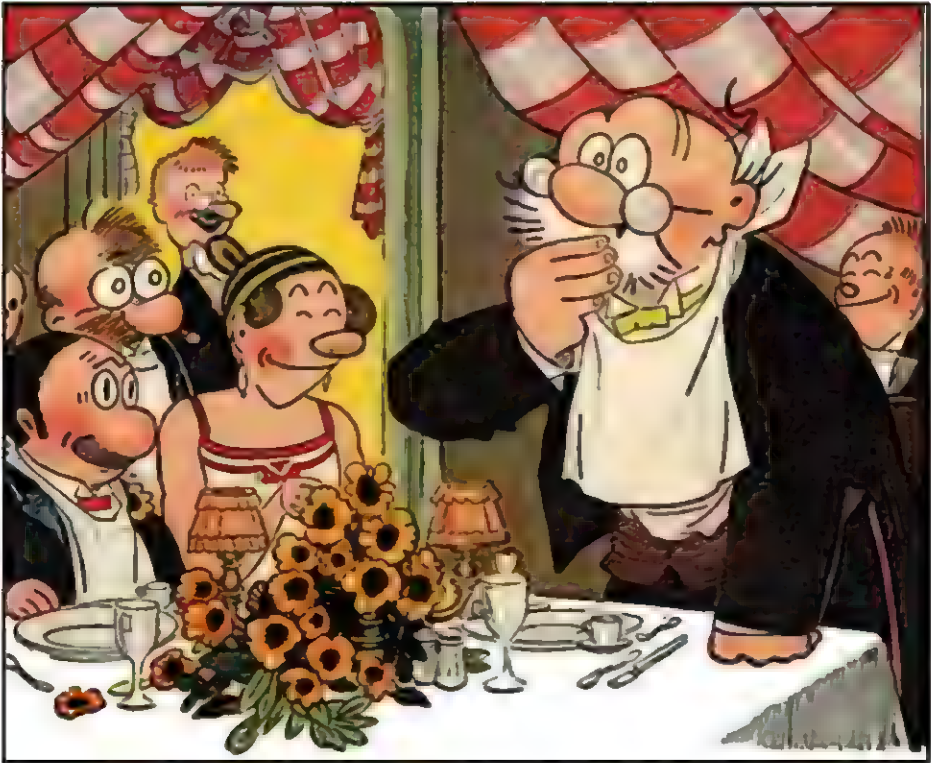
To one who soon will be a bride."

All turned and looked, a murmur
ran—

His finger pointed at Suzanne!
Some gasped in sudden shocked
surprise.



All the Funny Folks



"Paw Perkins, Nestor of the group"

Some, still in doubt, just rubbed
their eyes.

From lovesick Happy came a groan,
Hamgravy choked on a chicken-
bone,

While Krazy Kat with back hump-
ed up

Made a nasty face at Offisa Pup.

Suzanne, like one caught stealing
sheep,

Blushed, blanched, and then began
to weep.

While whispers whispred about the
room:

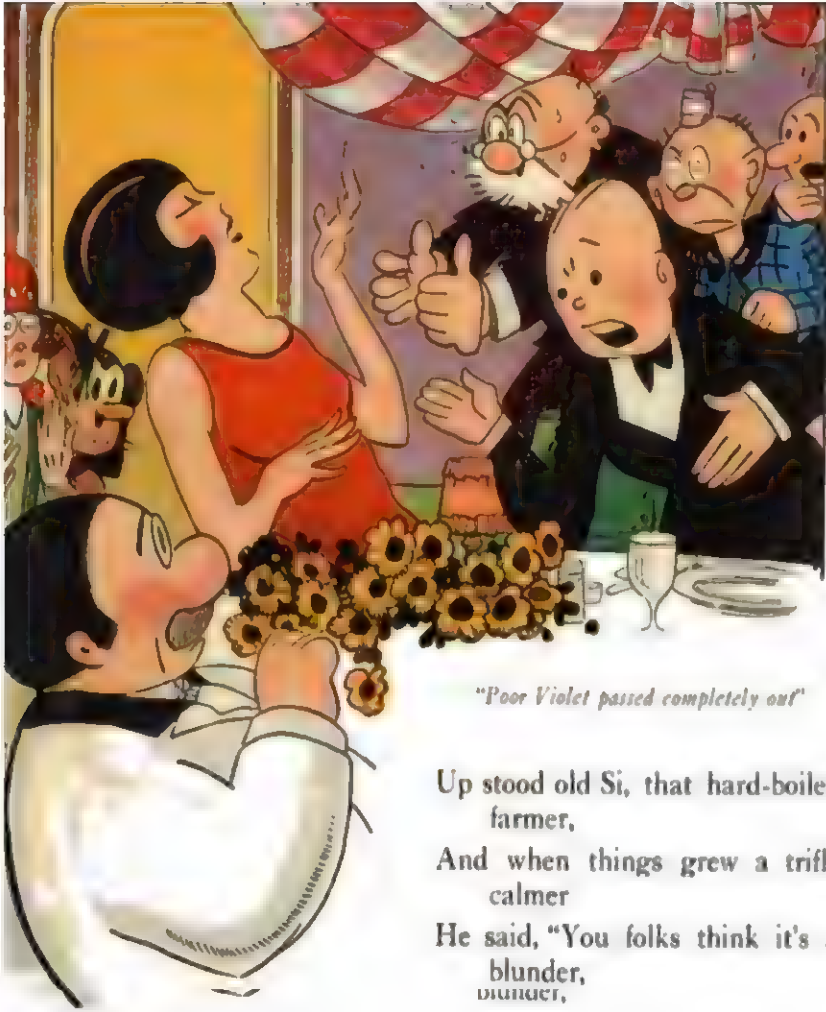
"I wonder who's to be the groom!"

Paw raised his hand and struck a
pose

With glasses far down on his nose,
And cleared his throat but didn't
speak—

He index-fingered Freddie the
Sheik!





"Poor Violet passed completely out"

No bomb let off by Hans and Fritz
Had ever scored as many hits.
With one wild, weird soprano shout
Poor Violet passed completely out.

Up stood old Si, that hard-boiled
farmer,
And when things grew a trifle
calmer
He said, "You folks think it's a
blunder,
blunder,
But I arranged this match, by
thunder.

"I'm sick and tired of Bonehead
Happy,
So I took action and made it
snappy—

All the Funny Folks



Suzanne ain't gettin' any younger,
So to 'er senses I have brung 'er.

"And whereas Violet an' Freddie
Got nowhere, though they courted
steady,

I told the Sheik that if he'd take
'er
I'd give Suzanne a goodly acre.

"An' just as an added weddin'
pleasure

I'd throw in Maud, too, for good
measure.

And I ask all in this big, wide room
To drink a toast to bride and
bridegroom."

. . .

Amid the buzz and the tut-tutting
—hist!

Down on the table banged a pudgy
fist,

And as they turned to see
The whole five-feet-and-three
Of Abe Kabibble, orator,

Called for a hearing, took the
floor.



"I'd throw in Maud, too, for good measure"



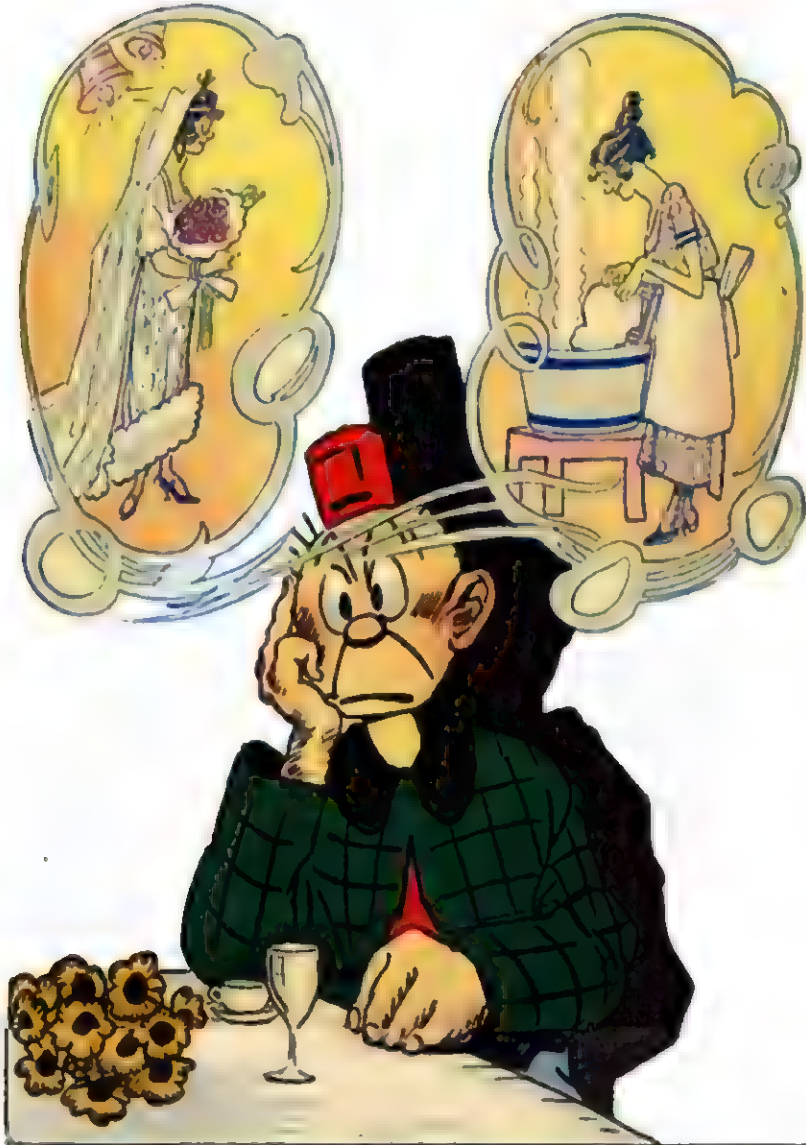
"You have all heard the news—yes?"

And Abe Kabibble said:

"Fellow Brother Members from this Lodge—you have all heard the news—yes? And I am positive positive that it hendled you just as big a shock as it hendled me!

"Brother Happy Hooligan is a Brother member of ours—even better—he's a paid up life member—and he's in terrible distress!

"And such a distress—they are trying to grab away from him his sweetheart Suzanne. I'm asking you—is it right? A thing like that shouldn't even be asked, it's so foolish! Happy loves Suzanne and Suzzie wants to go housekeeping, too! Again I'm asking you, Brothers, what right or license has this Si feller got arrange matches? Marriages are made in Heaven—or do you believe in giving credit where credit is due? As far as that's concerned, Complex automobiles are made in Detroit, but they go to pieces all over! Excuse me, in my excitement. I am getting away from the point.



"Brother Happy Hooligan—he's in terrible distress."

All the Funny Folks



"Take this Freddie, the Sheik. He is in love with Violet and does Violet return the compliment? Oy, is she cookoo over that Sheiker—and HOW! Anyhoe, it begins to look like sadness is commencing. Four loving hearts, from four nice dumbbells, is going to be mixed up in a hash. And they are all members of our lodge. Are we going to stand for it? Are we Men odder

are we ignominious Ignatz mice? Are we going to help them—did we say no? It don't hurt to talk a little good business. And good business is sense! If Si really means it for Happy to have happiness with Suzanne, would he throw in Maud, a mule, mind you, for a wedding present? Is this a romance odder a rummage sale? Don't let him pull the wool over our eyes.

Anyhoe, it wouldn't be all wool. The whole thing is a fake ehso-lutel! Si wants to get rid of Suzanne and that mule, Maud, in the same bargain and wish all his liabilities on Freddie. Noo, such business boobers, we ain't! And what am I driving at? Much guessing it don't



"Four loving hearts is going to be mixed up in a hash"



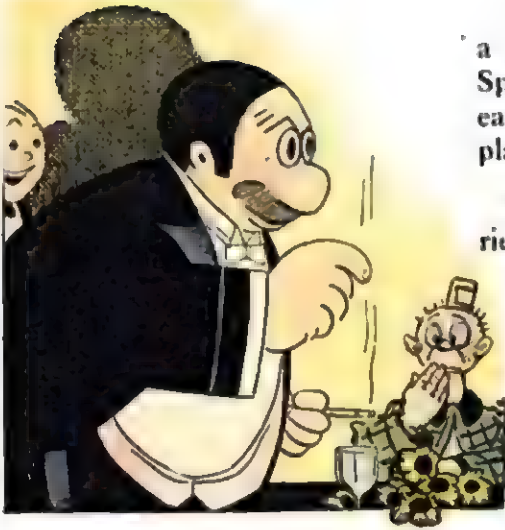
"Barney tells me that Spark Plug can beat Maud."

take—I'll make Si a sporting proposition and he can sign it through his own lawyer.

"And my offer is what?—hear! My good friend and pal, Barney Google, is here—and guess with who? You all got right—Spark Plug!

"Now, Si got a idea in his phooy head that his mule, Maud, is the fastest thing on four legs. Again, members, we ain't such fools!

Barney tells me that he will bet his plug hat, a thirty-day note, or if necessary, actual cash, that Spark Plug can beat Maud!



"I am suggesting a race"

"You heard him. And he spilled a lungful. Papa's brown-eyed Sparky-baby will run that long-eared hooper, Maud, any time, any place, and run her bowlegged.

"What Happy wants to get married for, I don't know.

"But, if he does, it's as good as done if it depends on the race proposed by my buddy, Abe Kabibble, who is a true sporting man—he wanted a race for Happy, he furnishing the idea and I furnishing the horse.

"So, members, you gather from my speaking, that I am suggesting a race!

"If Maud, the mule, wins, Si wins!

"If Sparky wins, Happy wins!

"Now, I am asking you—do we or don't we?"

...

A vigorous slapping of hands that were clapping,

Applause tore the air. With a cry "Abe—you're there!"—

And with a voice like a bugle, up spake Barney Google:

...

"Friends, Rummies, Landoffu-ners.

"With sunshine overhead and Sunshine on his back, with a stake like this and competition like that my Sparky will make Nurmi look like he was anchored. Bring on your mule, Si, if you've got any red



"Applause tore the air"



Up spake Barney Google

All the Funny Folks



blood in your old carcass—bring
her on if you think she can run,
and see running what's running.

"Do I hear anything?"

. . .

Did he? He heard a roar of loud
He heard the cheering and hur-
rahs,

And Spark Plug, at the demon-
stration, neighed, "I accept
the nomination."

While Maud brayed deep below
her breath

And turned her heels, that living
But cries of "Shush—Absurd!"

And Si jumped up with a single
word:

"Done!"



*Spark Plug
neighed,
"I accept the
nomination!"*



"So jumped up. 'Done! Google, you're on! By heck!'"

"Google, you're on! By heck!

"Spark Plug, Sunshine or anything
else drawn by De Beck!

"And you, Kabibble, when we
clean up that Google stable

"I'll race Maud against you and
your Complex. That fable

"Of the tortoise and hare won't
begin to compare

"With this derby affair.

"We'll eat'em up raw. Come,
Maud, tell your paw

"What we'll hand'em"—and Maud
laughed a wicked "Hee-haw!"

...

The next to arise was an Irish-
man. Maggie reached for him with
her lorgnette; daughter whispered
"Father—this isn't St. Patrick's day
—you're out of order." But Dinty
Moore hoarsely yipped, "Up an'



at 'em, Jiggsie," and Mr. Jiggs said:

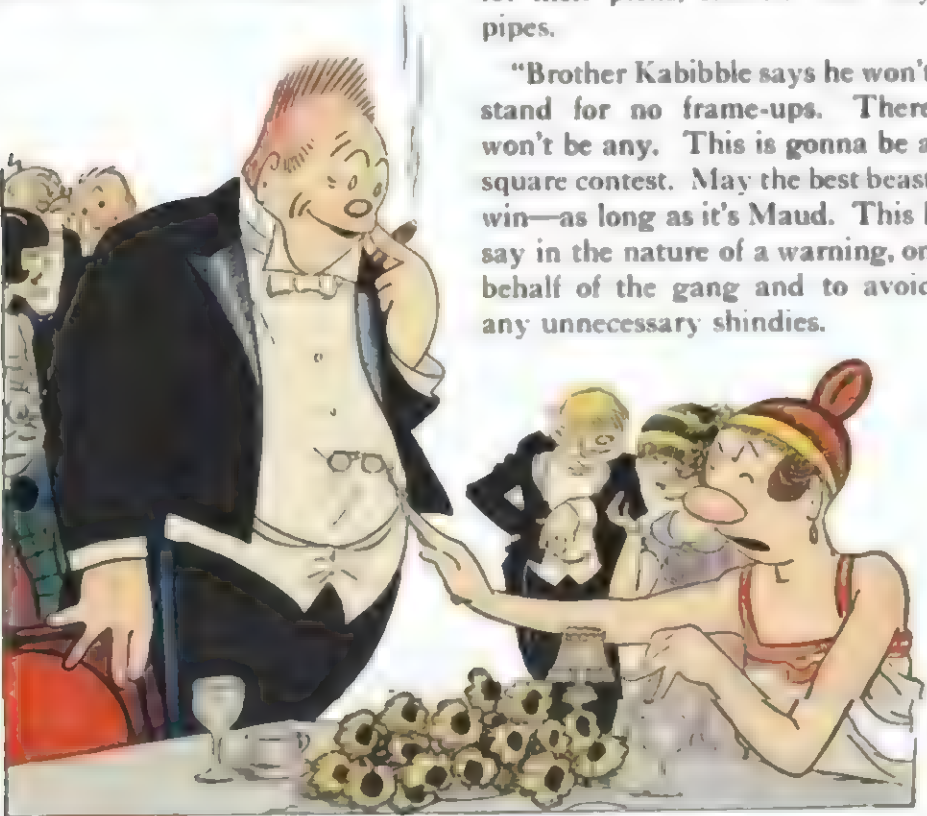
"Friends—and Maggie: I'm a man of few words. But when I talk, I says something. And I says this—I'm on Maud for the works.

"If that cross between a horse and a tent, Sparky, who's been cheating the undertaker out of a dollar's worth o' sausage-meat too

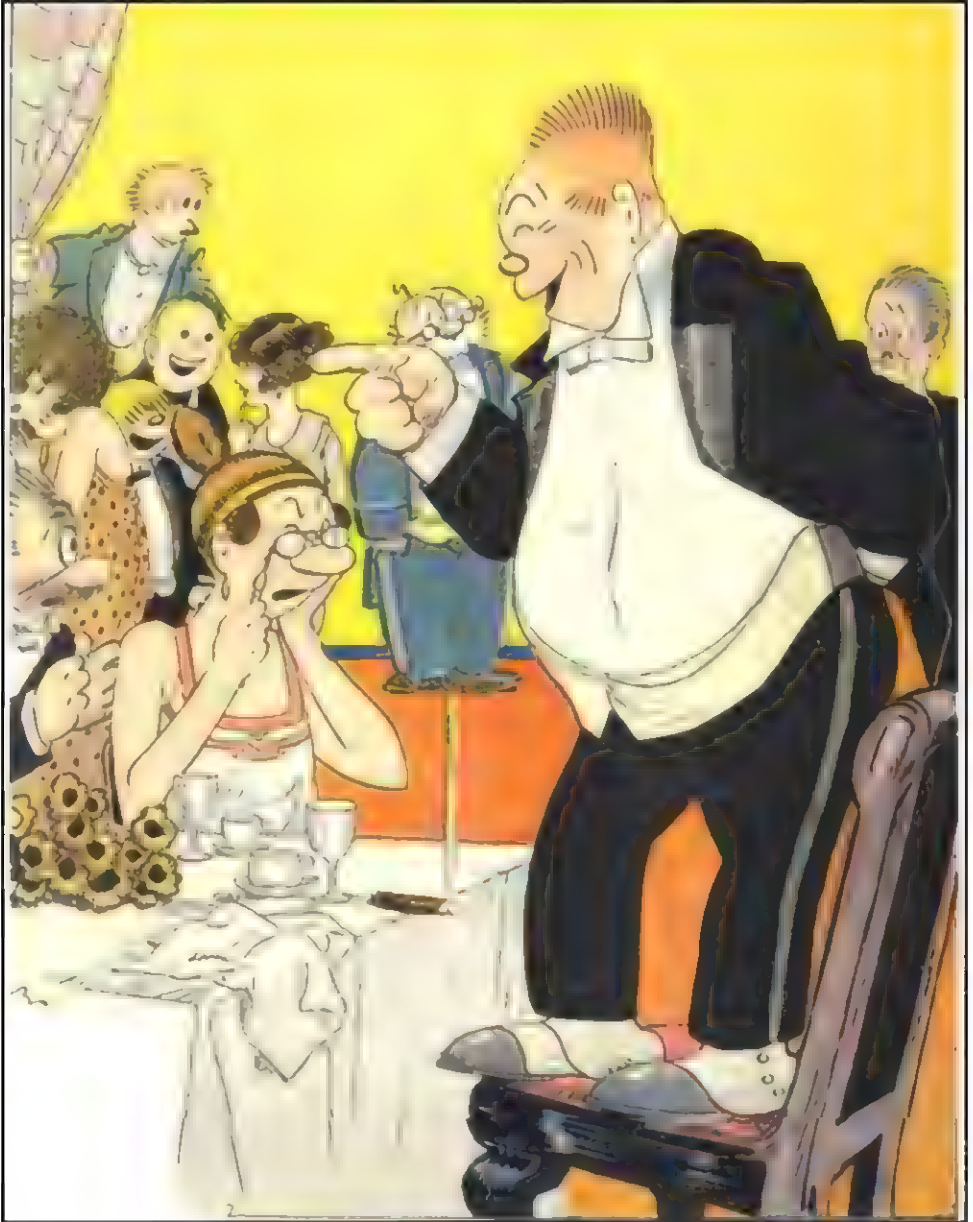
long can beat Maud, Maggie Jiggs is a widow.

"I'm here to back my judgment and my sentiments with everything down to the white spats, and Maggie'll pledge the family jools like Queen Isabella, even down to the lorgnette. My pal, Dinty Moore, will mortgage his place, and the boys in the back-room will go for their picks, shovels and clay pipes.

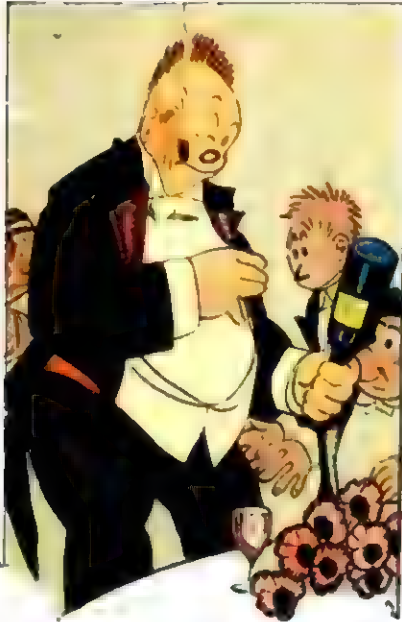
"Brother Kabibble says he won't stand for no frame-ups. There won't be any. This is gonna be a square contest. May the best beast win—as long as it's Maud. This I say in the nature of a warning, on behalf of the gang and to avoid any unnecessary shindies.



Mr. Jiggs said: "Friends—and Maggie"



All the Funny Folks



"With my right hand on my heart"

'As I stand here, with my right
hand on my heart and the left hand
holding a bottle, do I hear any back
talk? No? Fine!
'That's that.'

...

As Jiggs sat down, the noisy chat-
ter,
'The arguments and cheers and clat-
ter
Proclaimed the state of high excite-
ment
Which the events of this big night
meant.
The bets flew thick, the threats
flew thicker,

And Maud, the famous hind-leg
kicker,
Appeared to have the more sup-
porters.
The dimes and nickels, bills and
quarters
Were wagered, while with quar-
rel and quibble,
Jiggs, Google, Si and Abe Kabib-
ble
Midst all the fussing and confu-
sion
Were wrangling over the conclu-
sion
Of plans and terms. At last a
banging
Brought order; they had ceased
haranguing
And Si announced the famous
gallop



"Arguments and cheers and clatter"



"With quarrel and quibble, Jaws, Google, Si and Abe Kahibbi.

All the Funny Folks



"So announced the famous gallop"

Would have old Jiggs, his famous
pal up

On Maud himself, while Sparky's
jockey

Would be that rider, black but
cocky,

The well known Sunshine; the com-
mittee

Would get the best track in the
city,

And just a mile had been selected
For distance; he had been directed
To state the time they thought
most fitting

Was Saturday, weather permitting,
At half past one. After much barter
The four had named official starter
Paw Perkins; and there sure would
be some

Great experts in the judges three-
some,

For Boob McNutt, Detective Owl-
eye,

And Der Captain—not one with a
foul eye—

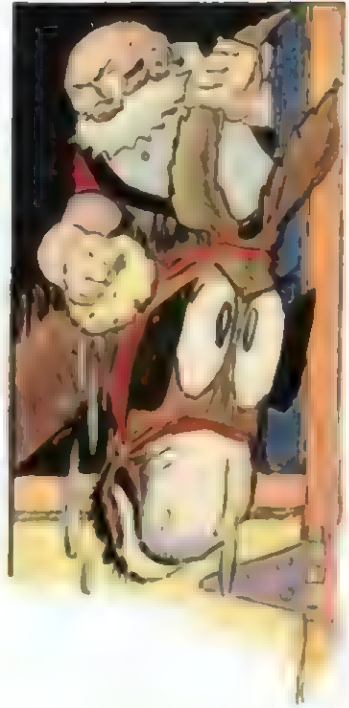
Had been the choice. And since
the eating

Was over, they'd adjourn the
meeting.



CHAPTER TWO

All the Funny Folks



CHAPTER TWO

The Great Day

The breeze is halm, a friendly sun
Beams down upon the Land of Fun,
'Tis noon, and soon—at half past
one

The thrilling race will have begun.
At last the outer portals slide,

The gates are opened, high and
wide,

And in they swarm, a mighty tide,
Weary and bleary and awry-eyed.

For many of them have not slept,
All night their watchful waiting kept,

And while the hours crawled and
crept,

They wrangled, wagered, worried,
wept.

For never since the ink was dry
On the first comic strip, have I

Beheld excitement run as high;

You should have seen them crowd-
ing by!

All the Funny Folks



"The gates are opened high and wide, and in they swarm, a mighty tide"

All the Funny Folks



With her faithful Fido, good old
Mac,

Toots and Casper, Mrs. Kwakk
Wakk,

And Ashur trickled toward the
track.

With regal step Rheba Mine Gold

On Abie's arm then
joined the fold,

The Newlyweds before
them rolled

In a baby-cart their
two-year old.



*"Trickled toward
the track"*

The first to step his big feet in
Was Skinny Shaner; then Shrimp
Flynn,

Then phooey Minsk, with fiendish
grin

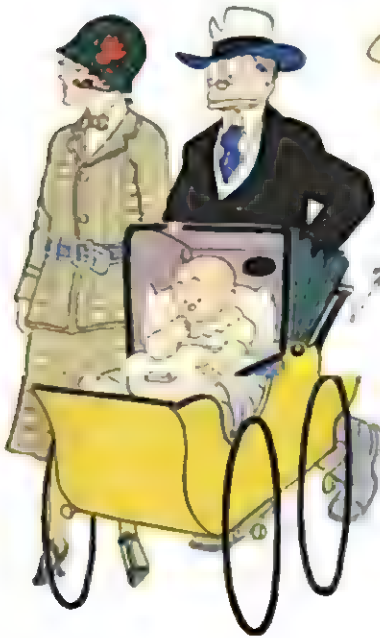
And a bottle of wicked bootleg gin.

Next Tillie dressed in tan and
black,





Der Captain, muttering in his beard
As Hans and Fritz he sternly
steered,
While Ma the Gateway barely
cleared
With waddling gait as she appeared.
Now little Jimmie, in brand new
jeans,
Escorted by his doggie, Beans,

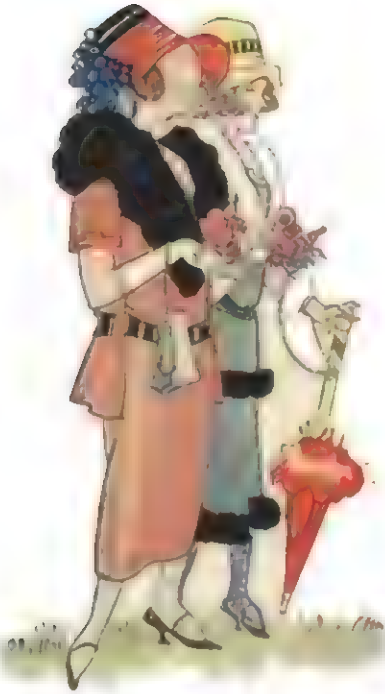


"The Newlyweds and their two-year-old"



"Mrs. Kneak Wakk and Neezak"

Slim Pickens, leanest of the leans—
They came afoot and in machines.
Dumb Dora, wiser than she seems,
Our Nemo, walking in his dreams,
All strip society, in streams,
Single, in groups, quartettes and
teams.



"Maggie Jiggs with her Daughter"

Maggie Jiggs, lofty and superior, wafted in with her daughter, the Jiggs heiress. Dinty Moore and his cohorts, appeared at about the same time. Mrs. Jiggs cut them dead, turned a cold shoulder and passed on.

"But, mother, dear," protested Daughter, "why do you pick them out for a snub? They are father's supporters to the last ditch."

"Daughter," reproved Maggie, icily, "such words as 'pick' and 'ditch' are most appropriate for your father's gang, but they are not used in the best circles. Never mention such things. You know how sensitive I am about some things . . . Come now, that shockingly vulgar Google is approaching, and if he addresses me I'll crown him with half a brick."



"Dinty Moore and his cohorts"



At this Krazy Kat pricked up his ears and Ignatz Mouse ducked.

Google was, indeed, coming up. Swaggering on his short legs, which looked the more pudgy because beside him strode the long-limbed Rudy. Barney's two-gallon hat was set well back on his perspiring forehead and it was easy to see that he was ill at ease. And well he might be, for he had not seen Sparky since the night before, when he left his Arabian steed in custody of his Senegambian valet, Sunshine.

And there, trying to look chipper but woefully worried, came



"Krazy Kat and Ignatz"

Happy himself, with his three little nephews, the quaint children of his queer brother, Gloomy Gus. The



"Beside Barney strode the long-legged Rudy"

All the Funny Folks



"Happy Hooligan and the Three Children of Gloomy Gus"

little ones looked up at him fondly and piped:

"We hope"

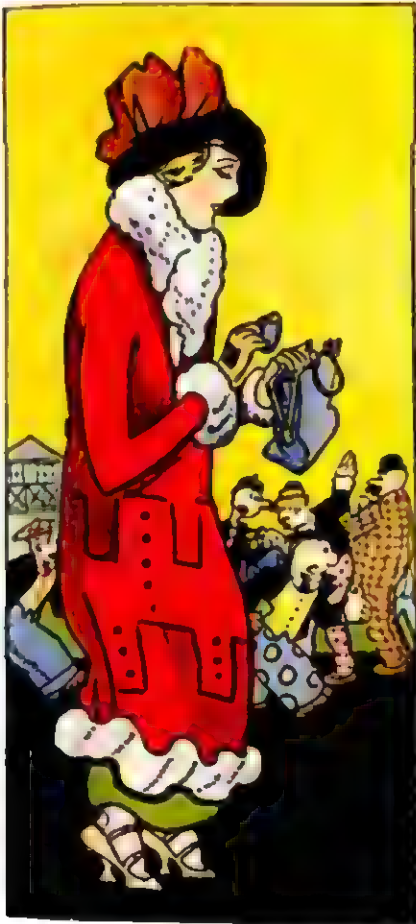
"You win"

"Uncle Happy."

The stands were filling up rapidly. On the veranda of the clubhouse the more prosperous were being served with refreshments and collations by Gus, fumbling and stumbling between the kitchen and the tables, stopping en

route now and then to toss off a naive observation to Gussie, the checkroom cutie.

The bets were flying thick and fast. Jiggs, who had just come up from a visit to the paddock, where Si reported Maud he-hawing to go and fit to run the race of her life, brandished handfuls of greenbacks and dared the Google-eyed Spark-pluggers to cover his money.



"Rheba Mine Gold ventured a frightened dollar"

Mr. Applesauce solemnly bet two dollars against the mule, but Jiggs' confidence made the others timid.

Maud was easily ruling as the favorite now, though her record was more distinguished for kicking than sprinting.

Rheba Mine Gold ventured a frightened dollar on Sparky, but everyone knew it was a wager more of hope than of faith, for when Jiggs offered odds of five to four, she insisted on seven to five.

Her Abie beamed on her for her business instinct, and several times took out a banknote as though tempted, but put it back into the pocket of his striped trousers.

Abie was all-the-way for Spark-plug, but he was awaiting developments.



"Abie was all the way for spark plug."



"Twenty to one is the time, not the odds!" yelled Jiggs

The only time he almost did something rash was when he heard Jiggs shout:

"Twenty to one!"

Kabibble roared back, "I'll bet eight dollars at that price."

"Twenty to one is the time, not the odds," yelled Jiggs. And Abie subsided.

The flappers and younger women were gossiping and sizing up each other's clothes; the men were hotly

discussing the relative points of the contestants; those directly interested in the outcome were surrounded by encouraging friends, each cluster giving reasons why its champion must win easily.

When--

Suddenly the report struck the assemblage and flew like wildfire.

Sunshine was unconscious!

Yes, that archconspirator, Minsk, always ready to outwit and defeat



Abie the Agent, had craftily smuggled a wicked bottle into the grounds. And, as everyone well knew, Sunshine had his weaknesses.

Poor Sunshine, all on edge, had yielded to temptation—only one little sip; but, his appetite aroused by the demon drink, he had taken another—and another—and

They had found him, huddled all in a heap, in a far corner of the paddock, totally unfit to ride: a race

upon which depended not only the happiness of Happy and Suzanne, the prosperity of all the Sparkplug supporters, but comic strip history!

A great buzz ensued. And then a great hush.

The Maud partisans, though the race now seemed won for them, did not approve of the snake-in-the-grass trickery, even though it loomed up as to their great advantage.



"A great buzz ensued"

All the Funny Folks



The populace of the Land of Fun consists of well-meaning, decent, honest folk in the main.

They shook their heads and declared it most unfortunate, most regrettable.



"Sunshine was unconscious!"

All the Funny Folks



"A race upon which depended the happiness of Happy and Suzanne"

Hurrying across the field and
to the edge of the stands they saw
a familiar figure—Barney Google.

Everyone hushed. Barney took
off his illustrious hat and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, gentlemen
and ladies,

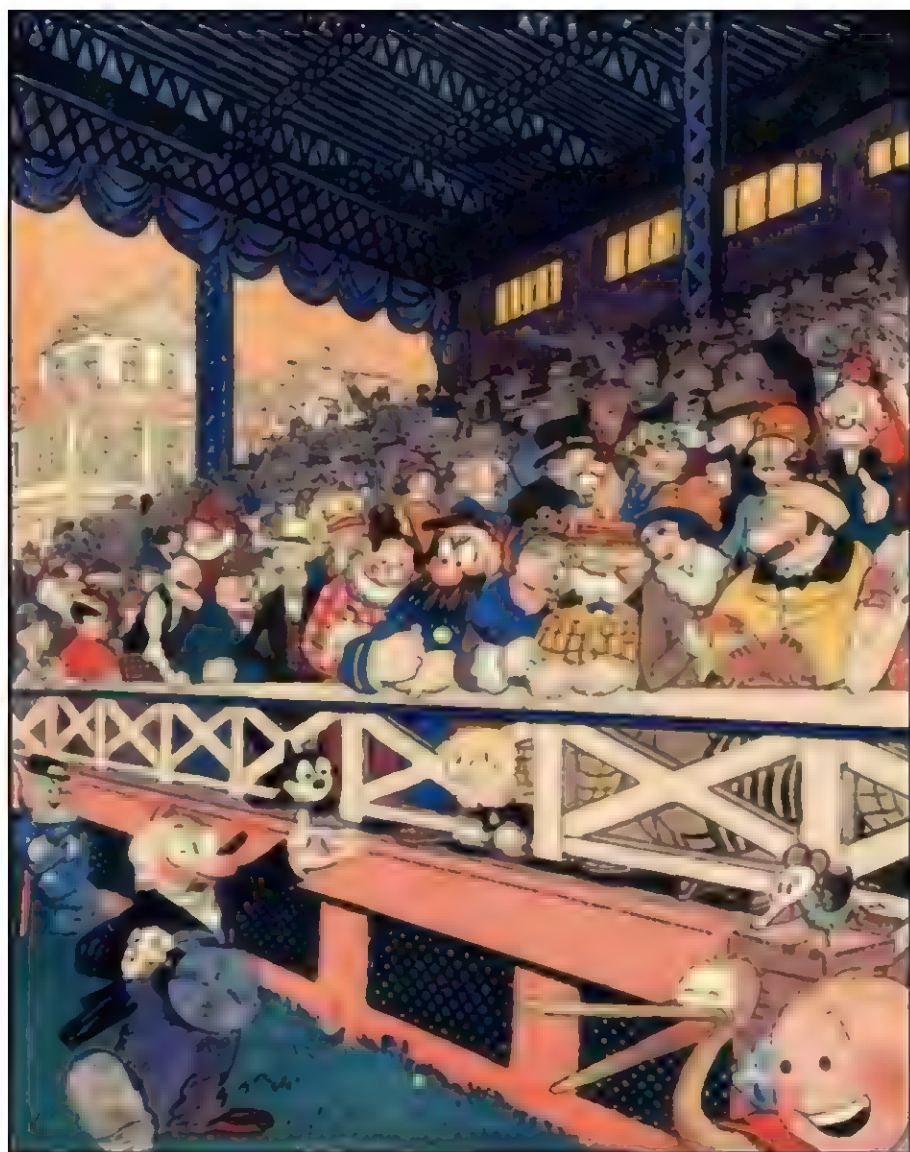
That double-crossing tip and toss-
ing Minsk, a fiend from Hades,

Has went and gone and done a deed
so foul, and black and villainous

And thinks that in the race he's
found a certain way of killin'
us,

You all have heard the trick he
pulled back yonder in the
paddock

As a result of which poor Sun-
shine's senseless as a haddock.





"Ladies and gentlemen, gentlemen and ladies!"

All the Funny Folks



Who can't be bought or caught
or scared, corrupted, bluffed
or treasoned,

A rider, my good friends, who'll ride
as no horse has been ridden,

I see no reason why it should be
any longer hidden,

The volunteer who'll Paul Revere
my Sparky on to glory

"It's all a dark conspiracy to para-
lyze my darky,

So he won't be in shape to ride my
brown-eyed baby, Sparky,

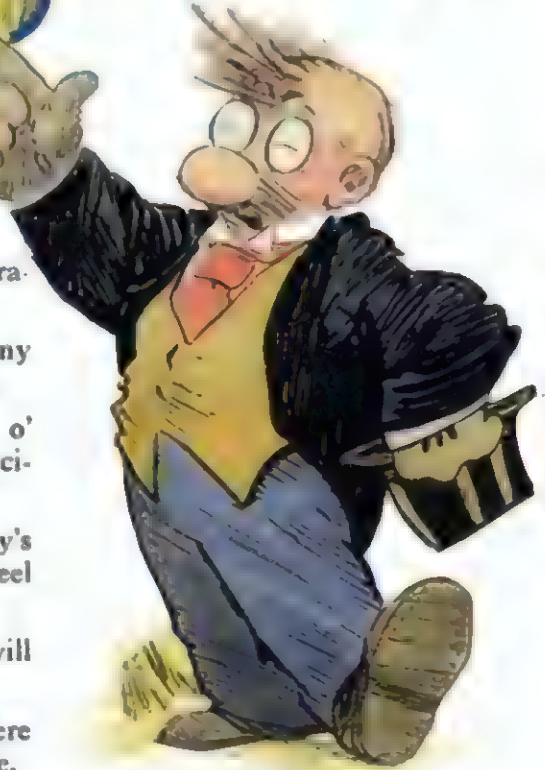
But though Sunshine's full o'
moonshine, and is incapacitated,

You whose heart's and money's
riding on my steed may feel
elated,

For there is another rider who will
leap into the saddle,

Yea, there is another jockey here
my blooded nag to straddle,

And to ride him in to vict'ry; an
expert tried and seasoned,



"There is another to ride him,"
said Google?



Is one who needs no introduction,
famed in song and
strip and story,

A horseman, sportsman; modesty
forbids I boost unduly,

The rider, friends, is no one
but myself—B. G. Yours
truly!"

A moment's hush, then a
gasp, then such a cheer as
never had rattled the far-off
echoes of the Land of Fun.

Hats were tossed into the air.

Men and women hugged
each other and danced
and cackled and wept
with hysterical enthusiasm.

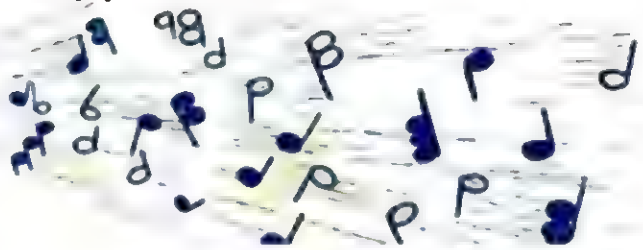
What had loomed up
as a disaster now beamed
forth as a blessing.

The Si-Jiggs contingent
tried to sneer it off,
but the Google-Kabibble
cohorts drowned out



"Hats were tossed in the air!"

All the Funny Folks



"A bugle blast from the paddock"

their sarcastic comments on Barney's unblushing opinion of himself as a jockey.

. . .

A bugle blast from the paddock announced that visitors would now be admitted, and there was a scramble from the stands and the veranda to go forth and view the saddling of the nags.

Jiggs waived the privilege of strapping the gear on Maud to her trainer and owner, Old Si. Barney said no hands but his own would perform the ceremony on Sparky.

The Google entry looked sad and wan, which, however, deceived no one, as that was well known to be Sparky's way just before a



"A scramble from the stands and the veranda"



"Jiggs waived the privilege of strapping the gear on Maud"

All the Funny Folks



"Spark, Plug the Google Entry, looked sad and wan"

vital contest. Maud, on the contrary, was frisking her fiery energy, bristling with pep.

The spectators were boiling inwardly with intense interest, as they viewed their favorites, remarking on each trifling point and gesture. One thought Sparky's eyes looked unusually dull; another whispered that Maud's left hind foot seemed more nervous than her right front one; yet a third solemnly pointed out that Sparky's

breathing was uneasy, and from a fourth came the criticism that



"Maud's, T.N.T. heels"

Maud's fidgeting looked more like nervousness than like confidence.

Krazy Kat was purring in a corner with the Katzenjammer Kids. These three mischievous ones were noticed chuckling by Owl Eye, who pussyfooted here and there. Standing off in a corner for concentrated observation, he suddenly saw that which made him tip-toe over to Der Captain and buzz into his ear.



Krazy Kat was purring in a corner with the Katzenjammer Kids.



"So!" said the Captain as his big hand came down"

Like the Bearded Avenger, Der Captain stole up on the Kids, and with a sudden swoop he encircled their waists with one arm and spread them side by side across his generous knee, and with the other hand he beat a rat-a-tat upon the upturned area. Krazy Kat scooted off and Old Si, who had heard what Der Captain was saying to the Kids, shouted, as he

ran furiously, "I'll give Krazy Kat a Krazy Walloping!" which made that mischievous little imp Ignatz Mouse laugh an utterly unmouse-like guffaw.

"So," said Der Captain, as his big hand came down, and with each syllable as he spoke, he spanked, "So you put a burr under the saddle by Maud, huh? Squizzle



iny dodgasted timbers, you leetle ship-scuttling pirates, I should make you valk the plank. You want to make a bum out of this race, is it? You and that lowlife Krazy Kat, you shmoke up this scheme, huh?"

Whack! Slap!

Ma Katzenjammer squirmed her corpulent way through the crowd and rescued her darlings.

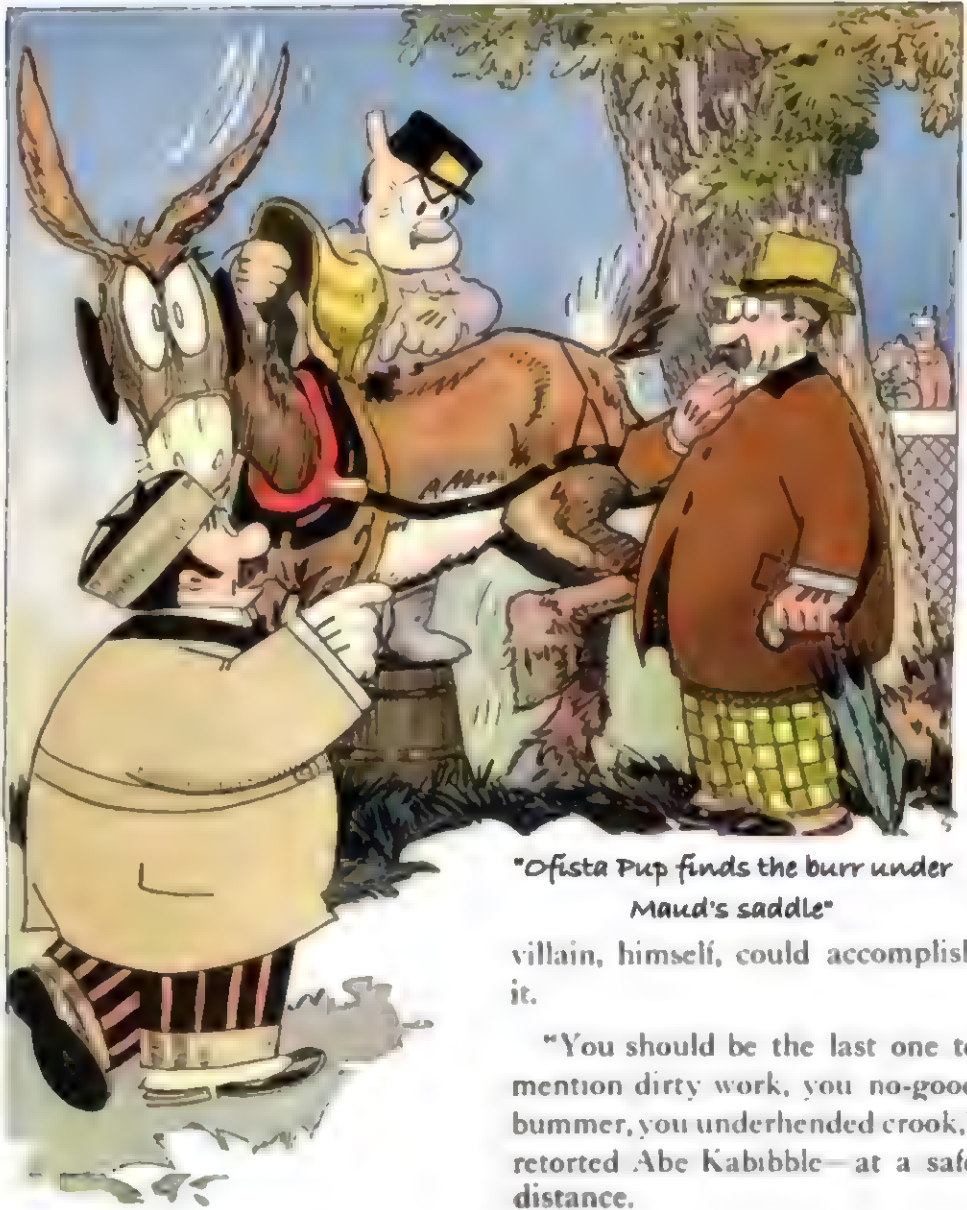
"Dey dit not!" she insisted.

But Offisa Pup had already jumped on Maud's back and extracted from under her saddle a cockle-burr -and now the cause of Maud's twitching and rearing came to light.

"Oy dirty work," hissed Minsk, and those words are so hard to hiss that no one but one who is a



"Ma Katzenjammer rescued her darlings"



"Ofista Pup finds the burr under
Maud's saddle"

villain, himself, could accomplish
it.

"You should be the last one to
mention dirty work, you no-good
bummer, you underhanded crook,"
retorted Abe Kabibble—at a safe
distance.



The time was now growing short. It was ten minutes before the start.

A bugle rang and echoed: time for the parade.

The good funny folks scampered back to their seats and waited.

Ah! the cheers tore the balmy air, as, coming around a bend, side by side, at a walk, came—

Maud, with Jiggs up.

Spark Plug, with Google up.

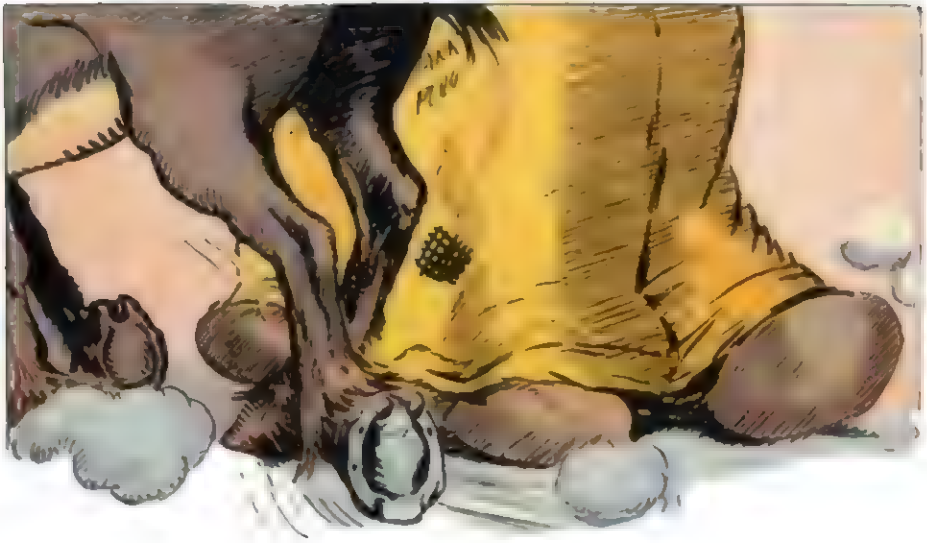
Past the grand-stand they proceeded, Maud capering, Sparky mooching along in his hang-dog way.

The riders were not dressed jockey-fashion.



"Maud, with Jiggs up. Spark Plug, with Google up"

All the Funny Folks



"Maud capering, Sparkey mooching along"

In the Land of Fun, the characters must stand by their personal eccentricities.

Never before or since, in all the world of real or fanciful life, had there been a race between a mule and a horse, each ridden by a plug-hatted little man. We, of this earthly sphere, might think such a thing quite weird. But in the Land of Fun they were used to Jiggs and Barney and had seen them wear their famed tiles on

many occasions when no one but a comic artist would regard such apparel as fitting. So no one stopped to remark on the incongruity of it. Everyone was too intensely wrapped up in the race, which was on the very verge of starting.

Paw Perkins, official starter, was already standing at the side of the rope which would let down the barrier, pistol in hand.



Up the ladder behind the lofty coop on a level with the finishing mark, the three judges, —Owleye, Der Captain and Boob McNutt were climbing. Ah—they are there, field-glasses in hand.

Maud and Sparky pass the last of the stands, turn, retrace their steps. Maud is now cavorting, and steps away from Sparky. Is

"Paw Perkins, pistol in hand"





it prophetic? Barney's horse still plods on. Maud passes the starting line and Jiggs turns her and brings her back with her chest against the light scantling, suspended by slender wires from a swinging overhead arm, which is a guide to the starting mark, and

is known as the barrier. Sparky leisurely crawls up to it, also. The steeds stand side by side.

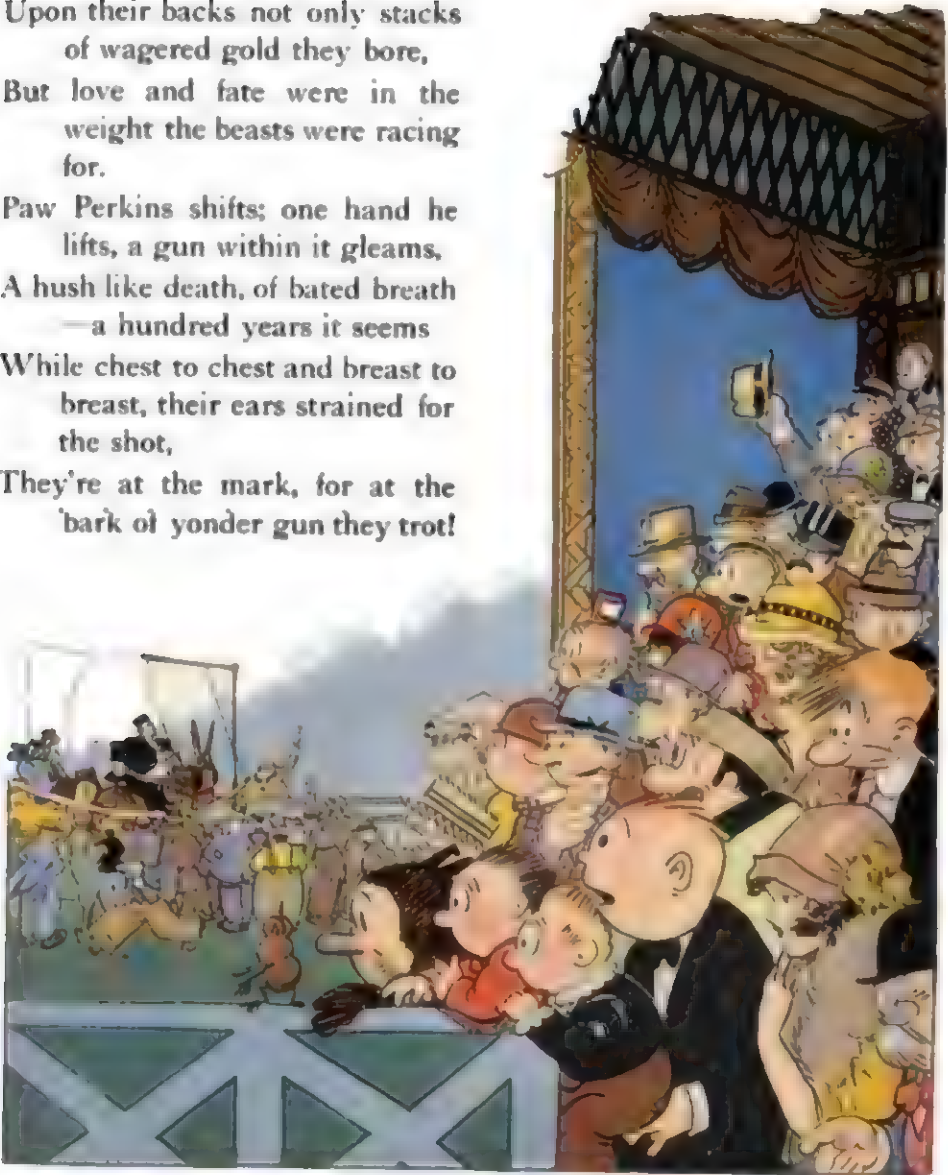
. . .
Each heart ran fast, for now at last, while only one could win,
Each heart ran high, for, do or die,
the race would soon begin.





Upon their backs not only stacks
of wagered gold they bore,
But love and fate were in the
weight the beasts were racing
for.

Paw Perkins shifts; one hand he
lifts, a gun within it gleams,
A hush like death, of bated breath
—a hundred years it seems
While chest to chest and breast to
breast, their ears strained for
the shot,
They're at the mark, for at the
bark of yonder gun they trot!



"A hush like death, of bated breath"

All the Funny Folks



Fair cheeks grow pale and strong
men quail at this terrific test.

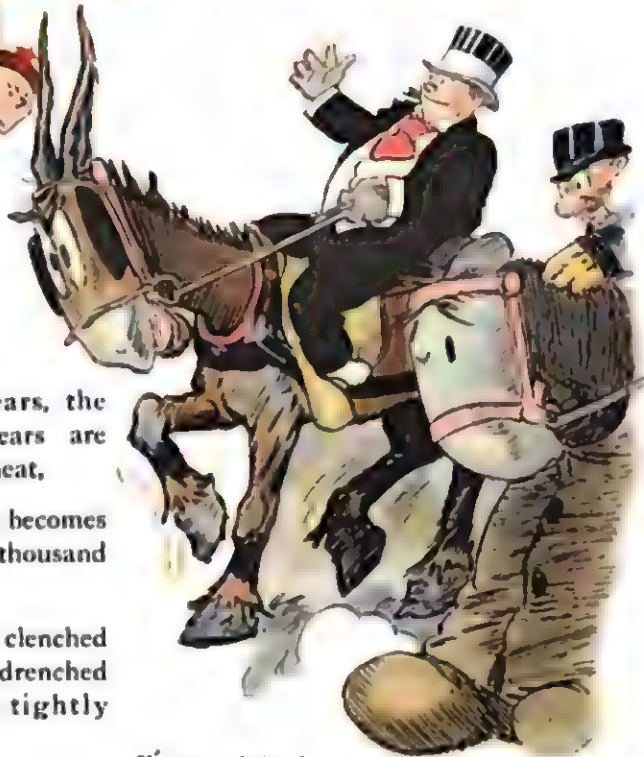
Jiggs, though, is cool astride his
mule, he waves a careless
hand

And some it thrills while some it
chills throughout the crowded
stand;

The barrier clears, the
hopes and fears are
now at fever heat,

And the suspense becomes
immense, a thousand
pulses beat,

And hands are clenched
and brows are drenched
as lips are tightly
pressed,



*"Jiggs waves a
careless hand"*



And as she scorns, like Satan's
horns, straight upright stand
her ears.

Poor Sparky's back is limp and
slack, as though about to cave,
He looks as though all set to go
into his equine grave;
His thin legs sag, the poor old nag,
dejected, wan and blue,

While Barney's eyes like
pumpkin pies pop for-
ward from his head
And as he sits his teeth
he grits, his face is
flaming red.

Maud champs her bit, her
eyes are lit with snappy,
scrappy fire,

Her mane awry, each hair
on high as stiff as chic-
ken wire,

Her nostrils wide, her
head aside, her face with
meanness leers,

"A sudden crack!
Across the track
It comes with
startling boom"





Seems fit to race right to the place
where horses turn to glue.

A sudden crack! Across the track
it comes with startling boom.

It echoes clear where all may hear,
loud as the crack of doom.

One moment's hush, then with a
rush they're off!

They go!

They're gone!

Eight hoofs as one are on the run.
The fateful race is on!





CHAPTER THREE

All the Funny Folks



CHAPTER THREE

The Great Race

Fancy the scene: An oval of green
With a ribbon of brown sur
rounded.

The blaring band up in the stand
Where a thousand pulses pounded,

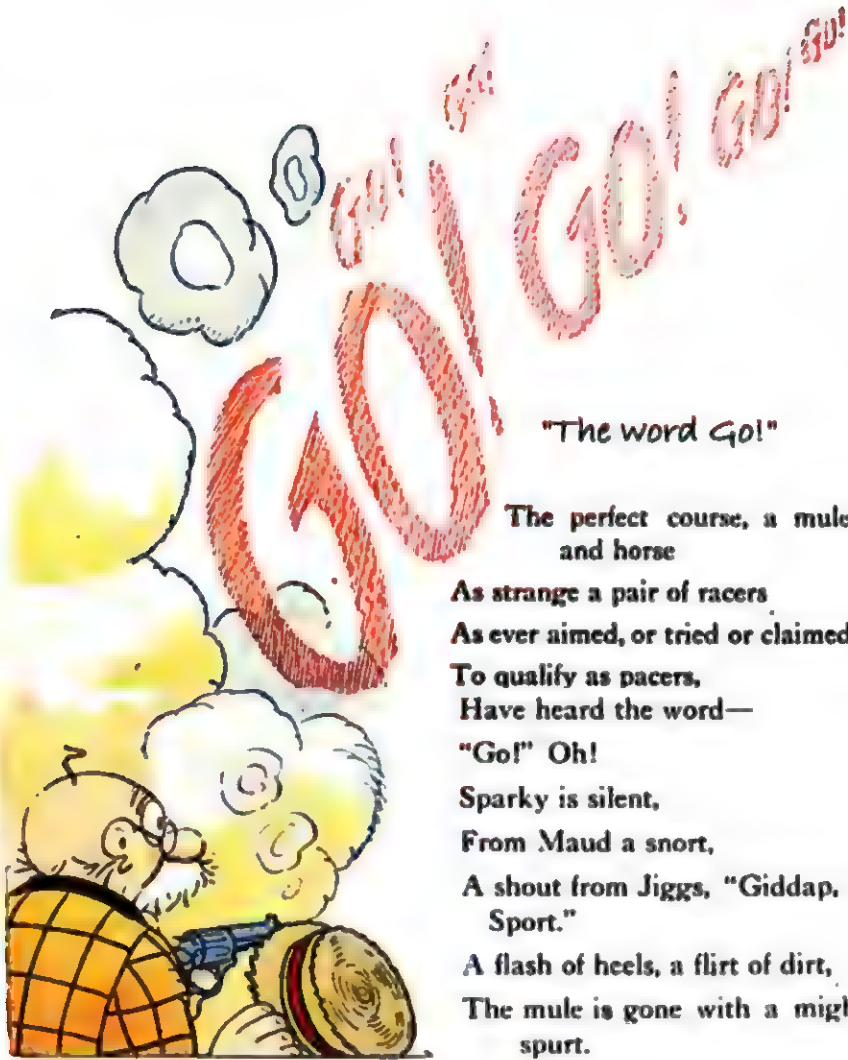
The sleepy hills, im-
mune to thrills,

Against the far horizon

Send echoes back across the track.

There, with a thousand eyes on

All the Funny Folks



"The word Go!"

**The perfect course, a mule
and horse**

**As strange a pair of racers
As ever aimed, or tried or claimed
To qualify as pacers,
Have heard the word—**

"Go!" Oh!

**Sparky is silent,
From Maud a snort,
A shout from Jiggs, "Giddap, ol'
Sport."**

**A flash of heels, a flirt of dirt,
The mule is gone with a mighty
spurt.**



A hundred cries, two hundred
sighs,

As there, before their very eyes

They see a limp and sorry ghost,

Spark Plug has halted near the
post!

The Jiggs-Maud-Si fans scream
and dance,

Poor Happy stands as in a trance,

Even the Katzenjammer brats

For once are still, while Krazy
Kat's





Queer eyes fill up with feline tears.
But still that villain, Minsk, he
cheers.
Good-hearted Gus can't even
speak,
Tillie stops powdering her cheek,
While Jerry, always on the job,
Lets forth a sympathetic sob,
The Maud fans rend the air with
joy,
Abe groans to Rheba Mine Gold,
"Oy, oy,"
The On Our Block gang, to the
last,



"Spark Plug had halted near the post"

All the Funny Folks



Stand silent, puzzled shocked,
aghast,

Polly, though neutral, turns to Maw

At Maud's unladylike "Hee Haw,"

And shakes her pretty head to see

This comic-strip catastrophe.

"Tillie stops
powdering her
cheek"



What of that figure, in a heap,
Is it dead, or does it only sleep?
Can that be Barney, the gallant ace
Who had boasted how he'd win
the race?

His features, underneath the brim
Of his funny hat were set and grim,
He sat there, wond'ring what to do.
Then, suddenly he whispered,
"GLUE!"





Like magic, the tragic, pathetic
situation

Was switched into a climax, as
amidst a great ovation

Old Sparky bounded forward, as
though spurred with red-hot
metal,

And Barney hadn't half a wink
into his seat to settle,

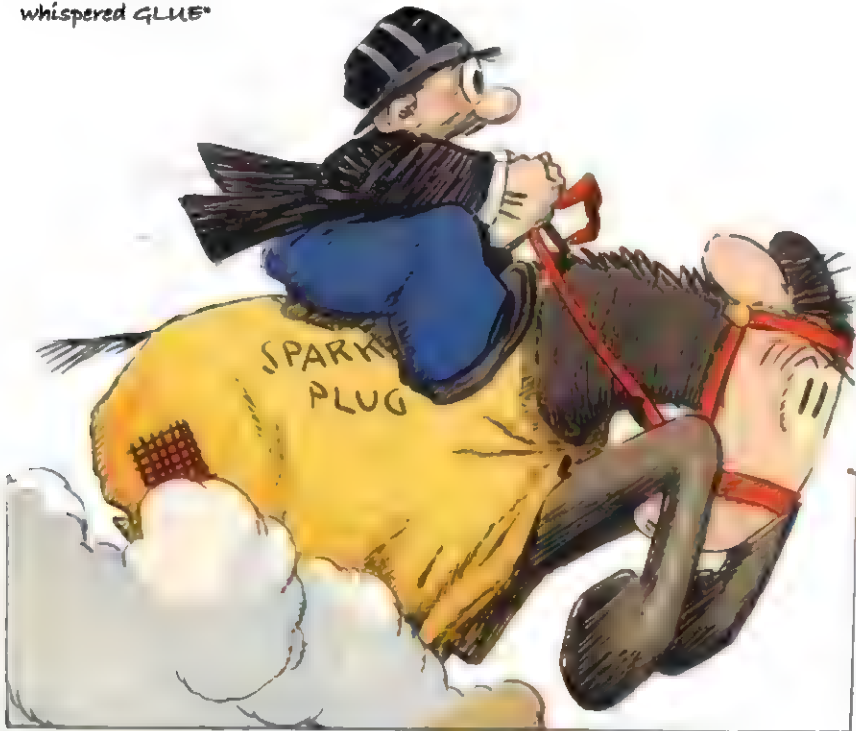
As under him the steed shot forth,
ignoring bit and tether,

With all his four famed kidney-feet
clear off the track together,

A dozen lengths ahead was Maud,
in high, her hoofs apounding,

Close to the rail, waving her tail,
the first curve swiftly rounding.

"Then suddenly he
whispered *GLUE*"





Jiggs waved his tile, an eighth of
a mile was a handicap decisive,

Upon his face, as in Maud's bray,
was, "I told you so," derisive,

"A dozen lengths ahead
was Maud"



But, tearing like an antelope,
though not by far as graceful,

Was Spark Plug, eating up the
dust, each lope he got a faceful,



"Barney hanging on"

ened to the quirks of luck and the whims of circumstance.

But when he heard the fateful word "Glue!" -that ignominious doom which he had but barely cheated so many times, all the horsehood in his shaky old frame flew into his limbs; it was truly "Do or die" -or, in his individual case, "Glue or try!"

Maud, hearing the sudden uproar, turned her mulish head for the

And Barney, hanging on for life, cried, "Shades of Paavo Nurmi,

I wisht that I was back again, with my feet on terry firmy."

Sparky's nostrils were now spouting flame, like a dragon's. Little cared that weather-worn old steed about Happy's crisis; not much more did he worry about Barney's humiliation, for he and the up-today-and-down-tomorrow Google had been through so many adventures that Sparky was hard-



"I told you so."



flash of one blinkered and crueleye.
The glance caught the vision of
Sparky clumping after her like a
scared hippopotamus, with a fine

view of the distant horizon between
his blanket and his rider, Barney,
who was no centaur by as much as
a full foot of ozone.



"Sparky's nostrils were spouting flames like a dragon"



"Giddap!" urged Jiggs. "If that four-footed bozo catches us, you get a p'litical job for the street-cleanin' department, draggin' a rubbish-cart. Remember, the boys are all bettin' on you - shake it up." There was a shower of sparks as

Maud's iron-shod heels hit the turf and fire shot from her eyes, too.

Meanwhile in the boxes and through the grand-stand, conflicting emotions crowded and jostled. From numb, dumb despair to fran-



"The fateful word 'Glue!'"



"Maud's glance caught the vision of Sparky"

tic delirium of ecstatic enthusiasm
flew the spirits of the Hooliganites.

"Attaboy, Sparky!"
"Whoopee Barney!"

All the Funny Folks



"Like a scared hippopotamus"

All the Funny Folks



leader, calling upon all who were
"With Happy, Barney and
Sparky" to rise and get together
for the big cause:

"Ibbidisquibble, for Abe Kabib-
ble,

Giggidisnoogle, for Barney
Google,

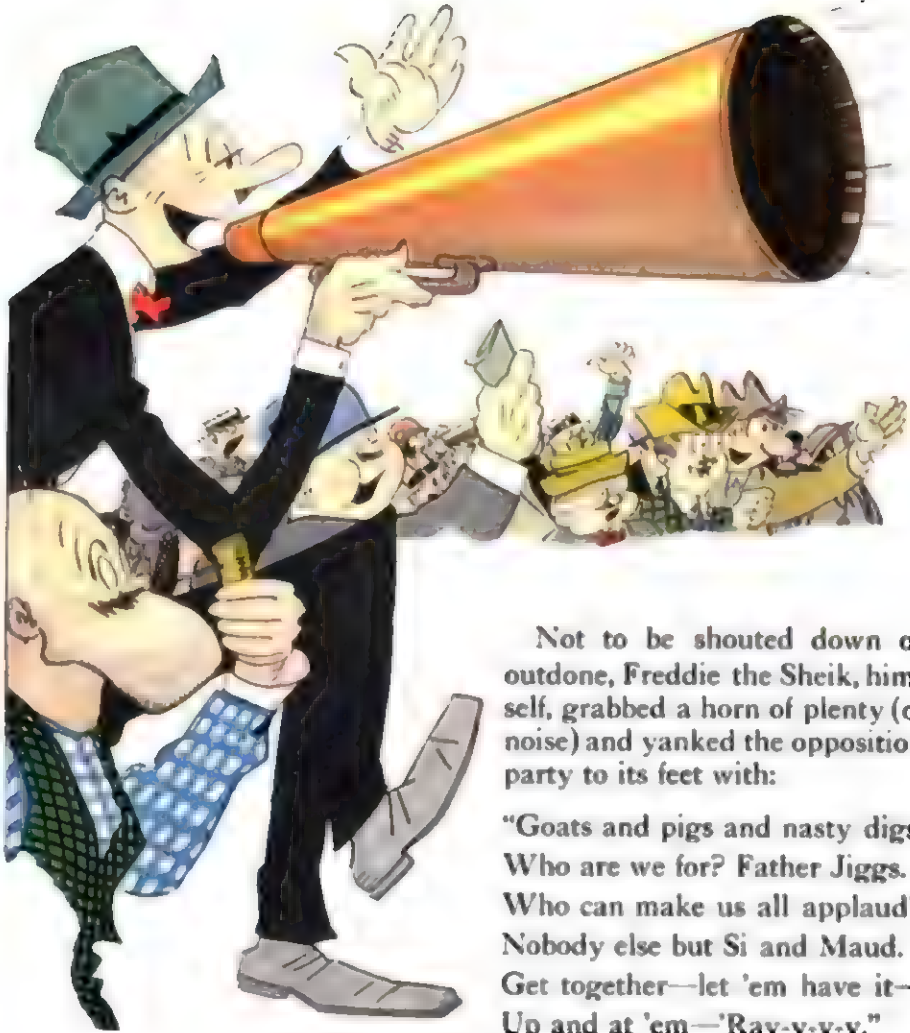
Arkykanarky, for good ol'
Sparky,

Rah-hah-wow!"



"Draggin' a rubbish cart!"

All the Funny Folks



"Rah, Rah, Wow!"

Not to be shouted down or outdone, Freddie the Sheik, himself, grabbed a horn of plenty (of noise) and yanked the opposition party to its feet with:

"Goats and pigs and nasty digs,
Who are we for? Father Jiggs.
Who can make us all applaud?
Nobody else but Si and Maud.
Get together—let 'em have it—
Up and at 'em—"Ray-y-y-y."

Sparky was gaining on Maud.



The burst of chain-lightning in her "getaway" was shortening the distance between the contenders, literally by leaps and bounds.

The first quarter saw Maud only a few yards in the van, her shiny flanks glistening in the bright sun, propelling herself by the power of her notorious hind legs somewhat a-la kangaroo.

"Who are we for?
For Father Jiggs"



"Maud only a few yards in the van!"

Sparky's gait was more like that of one of those mechanical toys, wound up to hit the floor and

jump, hit the floor and jump, hit the floor and jump again; his four feet came down together and



"Like one of those mechanical toys!"

All the Funny Folks

stand, crossed the track and started scurrying across the green



The youngsters ran down the steps of the stand!



"Scurrying across the green in field."

field to the other side of the oval Sparky when they should whizz
to get a better view of Maud and by at the half mile.

All the Funny Folks



"All hopped the low
rail fence"

Little Jimmy and his dog,
Shrimp Flynn, Skinny Shaner and
the rest of the "Our Gang" fellows,

Hans and Fritz, the three little
Hooligan nephews -all hopped
the low rail fence and started over

All the Funny Folks



"Mrs. Jiggs with lorgnette poised"



the sword. Sidney, Abe's nephew, skidaddled after them; Krazy Kat and Ignatz Mouse, children in their hearts, scampered along. And, from nowhere, appeared Rudy, the ostrich, legging it for the point of vantage.

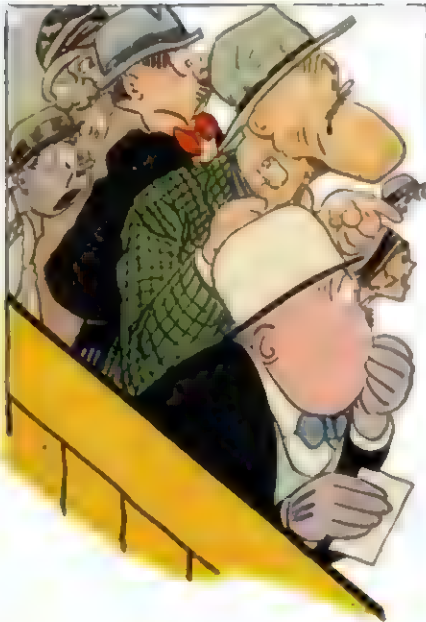
With field-glasses, the older and more sedate, but just as excited, followed each step, each fleck of dust thrown back by the straining, plunging beasts.

Mrs. Jiggs, with lorgnette poised on high, turned to observe to her daughter:



"All the thrills of a fierce contest"

All the Funny Folks



"The tension is terrific!"

"What a vulgar creacher that there Google guy is—I'd like to sock him with a p'tato-masher."

"Mother!" gurgled the daughter, "What would the Duke say?"

They're at the quarter!

Maud, responding to the urgings of Jiggs, now strains every ounce of mule flesh. But Sparky is gaining.

Women giggle and cackle, strong men weep and whack one another on the back. This which was on the point of blowing up in a fiasco has taken on all the thrills of a fierce contest—and three-fourths of it yet to go.

The length of landscape between the speeding demons grows shorter. Maud can now feel the hot



breath of Google's mount
as it spurts from his
distended nostrils.

If Maud lowered her tail
in one of the vicious flicks,
it would whip Sparky's
face.

In the grand-stand the tension
is terrific.



*"Abe Kabibble is trying to stand
with both feet off the floor"*



*"Ma Katzenjammer separated
from her darlings"*

Flossie, the red-headed cigaret-
girl, is offering to wager Toots
a ton of pale pink powder that
Maud will make it—and Gussie



turns and with one of her deft rejoinders says sweetly:

"Remarkable how you donkeys all stick together."

Abe Kabibble is trying to stand with both feet off the floor simultaneously, which cannot be done, even in the Land of Fun.

Ma Katzenjammer, separated from her darlings, who are far away in the green centre of the track, is loudly calling and gesticulating, for she is afraid that the influence of the naughty boys about them might tend to make



"Barney is speaking softly"

All the Funny Folks





Papa loves his horsey. There, there."

But he sees his error at once. Sparky turns, slacks, and acts as though he wants a kiss.

"Giddap, you bag o' bones."

roars Barney. "Get your mind on the race. Are you glued to the track?"

That was enough.

With one super-equine forward lunge, Sparky's feet burned up



"By this time they were almost out of sight"

All the Funny Folks



"The followers of this historic fuss popped out their eyes"

All the Funny Folks



"Shoulder to
shoulder!"

Maud gave him all she had, plunging forward with her powerful chest muscles, flinging her body ahead on the front hoofs and the mighty flanks propelling her on her hind shoes.

Glue or no glue, Sparky would have no easy time overtaking Lady Maud.

By this time the horse

"A tremendous
shout!"

void and, as the hundreds rent the air with their shrill shrieking, Sparky's nose shot past Maud's tail, and they were side by side, if not neck and neck.

Jiggs, standing high in his stirrups, realized the peril. He tore off his silk hat, and, waving it rapidly about the tips of Maud's laid-back ears, he exhorted the beast to do something—to go somewhere—to crawl if she couldn't walk.





"He was trying to manoeuvre the horse into the inner position"

All the Funny Folks



and mule were almost out of sight, around the bend of the rail, only the riders and the animals' head-tops showing, as they bobbed.

On their toes now, with binoculars and field-glasses—even opera glasses—on chairs, on tables, the followers of this historic fuss popped out their eyes to see every visible development.

They saw Maud and Sparky swing into the next turn, bringing them again abreast of the stand,



"They saw Maud and Sparky going into the next turn"

All the Funny Folks



though now on the other side of the oval.

And—they were shoulder-to-shoulder!

Maud had the inside, the rail position; Sparky, almost touching her, was on the far side, having made up all he had lost and the added distance of wider curves.

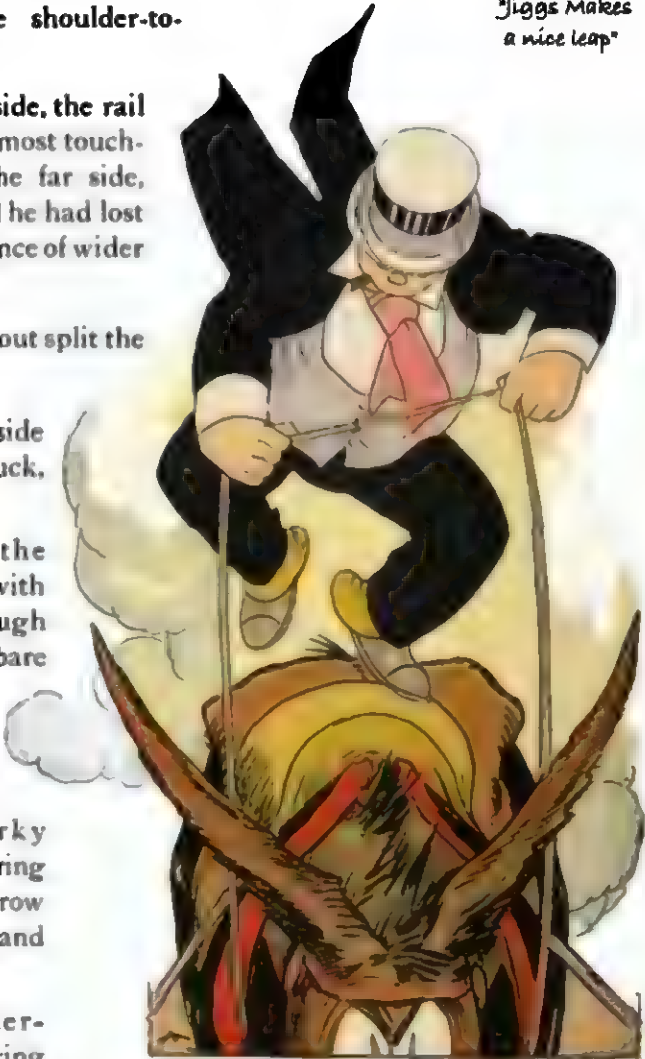
A tremendous shout split the dulcet Summer air.

There they were, side by side, nip and tuck, take your choice.

Approaching the three-quarters, still with no advantage, though each had led by a bare nose for a moment here and there, Google with a sudden bit of generalship, swung Sparky inward, taking a daring aim through the narrow lane between Maud and the rail.

Everyone understood. He was trying

*"Jiggs Makes
a nice leap"*





to maneuver the horse into the advantageous inner position. Could he do it?

Jiggs, though not a veteran horseman like Google, had seen enough races to understand. He yanked at Maud's left rein. The mule veered in. But—too late. Sparky had crowded in, was on his way, with the shorter turn now in his favor at the bend.

Sparky had lost a little ground, as he had to give Maud her own length to get behind her and around her and beside her. But his head

was beside Jiggs' stirrup as he swung into the home stretch.

The home stretch—that climax of all racing dramas, that quarter-mile of delirious anxiety, when man and beast forget caution, reserve, fear, and all but the last ounce in every fibre for the goal, which is now in sight, ahead.

. . .

With whirling swerve they round the curve

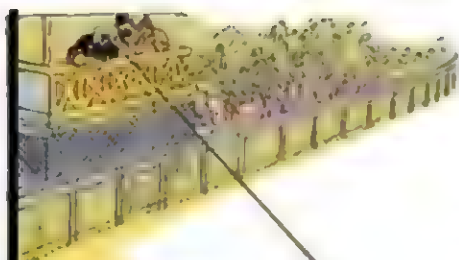
Into the straightaway,

And Barney's slick and nifty trick Shows how it's going to pay,

For Sparky spurts and deftly skirts Along the inner rail,

The gap to close; they're nose and nose,

Yea, they are tail and tail.



Jiggs makes a neat leap to his feet
Upon his hee-haw's back,
We hear him shout, "Come, let'er out,
As Maud clumps down the track,
And Barney, grim, sits firm and trim
For in his fertile brain,
He has a word that's ne'er been heard
Whereby he hopes to gain
The final step, the final pep
To cross the tape in front,
And on he rides with fear-
some strides,

"The home stretch!"



To your right—
Where our famous folks of the
funny jokes
Make a sight
In the crowded stand, as the fran-
tic band,
Blares and brays,
Where the men go mad—girls are
just as bad—
In a daze

Of hysteric thrills as the
peaceful hills

The shifty little
runt.

The judges stand
up in the coop

With eyes fixed
on the tape,

A A moment more will tell the tale

A! And they are all in shape

Tc To find a verdict by a hair,

Fo For horse and mule are tied

As As on they rush the last few yards,

Tt Their noses side by side.

. . .

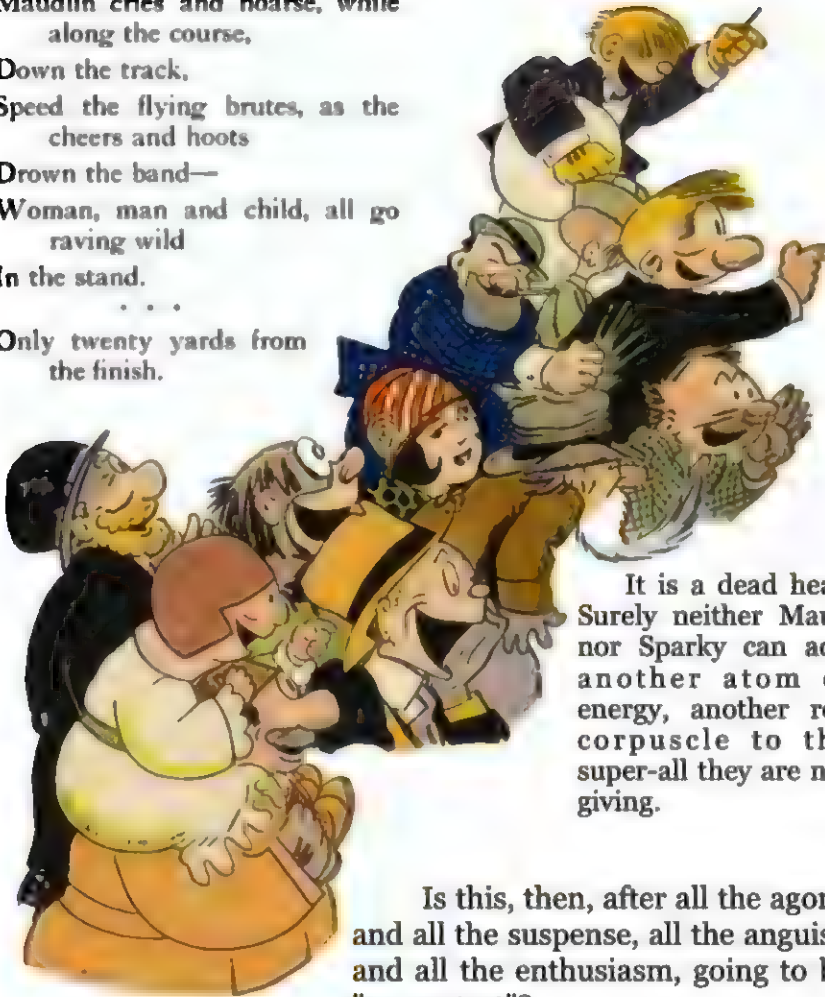
Just have a little look, readers of
this book,



"In the frantic stand"



Echo back
Maudlin cries and hoarse, while
 along the course,
Down the track,
Speed the flying brutes, as the
 cheers and hoots
Drown the band—
Woman, man and child, all go
 raving wild
In the stand.
 . . .
Only twenty yards from
 the finish.



It is a dead heat.
Surely neither Maud
nor Sparky can add
another atom of
energy, another red
corpuscle to the
super-all they are not
giving.

Is this, then, after all the agony
and all the suspense, all the anguish
and all the enthusiasm, going to be
"no contest"?

All are raving wild

In that half-a-flash a hundred people lived a thousand
years.



"To command a
better view"



There is scarcely
time to utter a yip,
to raise a frantic
hand, to stroke a
rabbit's foot again
—for, two more

steps and it will all be over.

Mrs. Jiggs had started a cheer
but it never was finished, and
there she sat with her jaws
agape, her hat awry, her one
hand upraised and seemingly
locked into the pose.

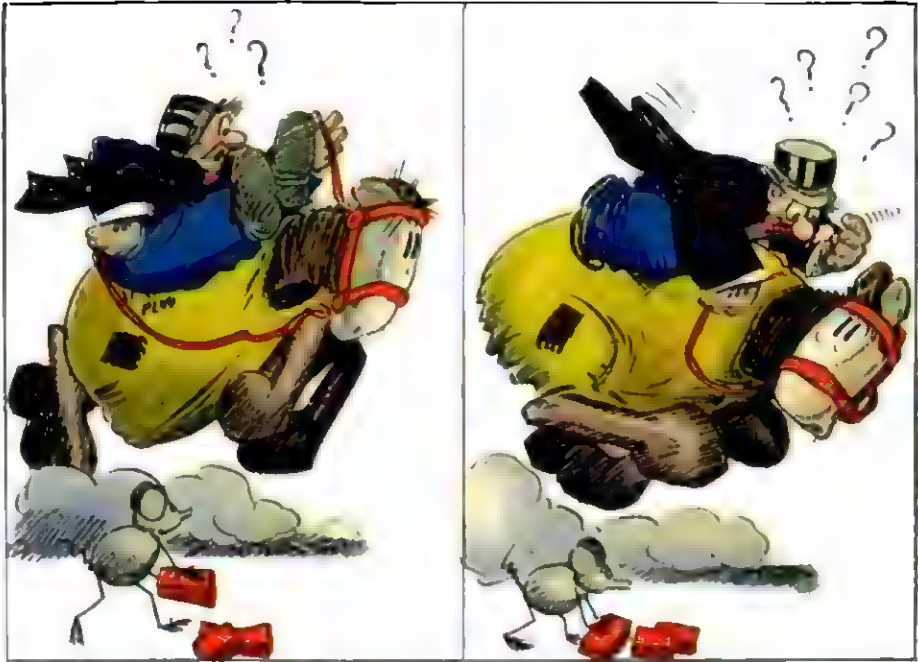
Abe Kabibble, pale and hag-
gard, his queer little hat pulled
far down upon his ears, held
the near hand of Rheba Mine
Gold as desperately as though
he could squeeze Sparky to
victory.



Tillie the Toiler had thrown her arms around

Louis, the Life-saver, with his crushing bulk, was leaning on the slender shoulder of Toots, while Casper for once forgot wife and child and stood with both fists clenched on high.

Down the infield, where the youngsters had run to the side nearest the judges' stand, the panic was quite as pronounced. Half a dozen of them jumped on the back of Rudy, the ostrich, to command



"Barney Google leaning forward where the horse could hear"

a better view, while that unique Google-bird craned his long neck over the rail to have his beak almost within touching distance of his stable-mate, Sparky, who was the nearer beast from where he stood.

Tillie the Toiler so far forgot herself that she had thrown her arms about Mac. At any other time this would have been the great moment of his life. But not now! He

didn't even seem to know who was embracing him—nothing mattered but that last lope.

And here it came!

Barney Google, leaning forward,
where the horse could hear,
Cried out with a sudden outburst
in his Spark Plug's ear,
Just one word—of foreign language
—such as ne'er before
Had been uttered, whispered, mut-
tered, in all racing lore.



"'Frankfurters!' was what he shouted into Sparky's ear"

Through the silence they all heard
it as it left his throat,
And it sounded as though Google
struck a bugle-note,
From his lips it rang and echoed,
loud and high and clear
"FRANKFURTERS!" was what
he shouted into Sparky's ear.
What was glue, that threat of
terror, as against this blast?
All of Spark Plug's dear fore-
fathers in the tragic past,

Though it was a deadly secret
none would dare repeat,
Had gone to mysterious futures
packed as sausage meat.
With that dread word ringing
stinging, like a cannon-ball
Forward leaped the frantic Sparky
at its gruesome call,
Flung his nose ahead of Maudie's
just in time to clinch
First position at the finish by a
bare half inch!



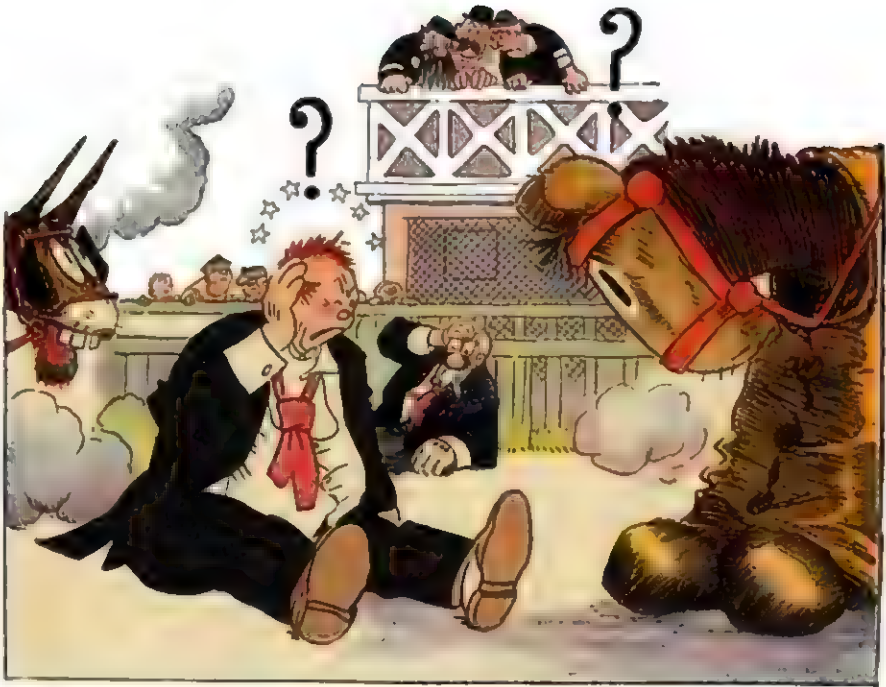
Barney was thrown backward while Maud was throwing Jiggs forward

All the Funny Folks



So horse in one case and man in the other cross the line together

All the Funny Folks



"Mr. Jiggs and Spark Plug had finished nose and nose!"

But the great race wasn't over.
Maud with dev'lish rage,
Seeing that she was defeated at
this eye-lash stage,
Threw her famous back heels up-
ward with a wicked swerve,
Throwing Jiggs above, ahead, in
one long, graceful curve,
Missing Google by a hair, and as
he sidewise dodged,
He fell off Sparky backward, un-
seated and dislodged.

The judges in disorder tried to
analyze the close
For Mister Jiggs and Spark Plug
had finished nose and nose!

. . .

So ended the historic race.

The judges finally decided "All
bets off," ruling that whereas
Sparky had beaten Maud, Jiggs
had beaten Google.



EPILOGUE

(With the Great Wedding)

All the Funny Folks



A petition was circulated in the stand—as soon as the good folk could get their breaths back and their hearts down out of their windpipes—to let Suzanne and Happy

culminate their great comic love by marriage, and it was so ordered. Everybody was invited. Freddie the Sheik, himself, was the best man. The bridesmaids were



"Everybody—

All the Funny Folks



Tillie, Toots, Gussie, Jiggs' daughter, Rheba Mine Gold, Polly, Dumb Dora, Switchboard Sally, and the other single girls. Jiggs, himself, gave away the bride.



All the Funny Folks



"Jiggs himself gave away the bride"

All the Funny Folks



"The radiant Suzanne"

All the Funny Folks



The train-bearers were the groom's three little nephews, sons of Gloomy Gus, who chirped:

"Uncle Happy's
"Gettin' Married
"To Suzanne."



"The train bearers were the three little sons of Gloomy Gus"



So every shadow faded, and tranquillity, peace and love reigned once more, as the band which had played the wedding march struck up, "Hail, Hail!"

With three whooping cheers Happy and the blushing, gushing bride were launched on their

honeymoon, and, smiling and care-free, the funny folks returned to their capers in their respective strips.

And they all lived happily ever after, for, after all, happiness is the keynote of the Land of Fun.



All the Funny Folks